

ARIZONA CITIZEN.

Vol. II.]

TUCSON, PIMA COUNTY, A. T., SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1872.

[No. 37.]

THE ARIZONA CITIZEN

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

Subscription Rates:

One Copy, one year, \$5.00
One Copy, six months, 3.00
Single numbers, 25

Advertising Rates:

[Twelve lines in this type, one sq.]
One square, ten lines, one time, \$3.00
Each subsequent insertion, 1.50
Professional cards, per month, 3.00

Plain death notices, free. Obituary remarks in prose, \$3 per square; in poetry, \$2.50 per line.

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Notice.

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SOMETHING ABOUT SARATOGA

The Hudson River Route--Past and Present of the Celebrated Springs, the Village and Country--Gossip About Certain Notables of the Land, Styles of Life, etc.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, June 1.

Whether for recreation, business or health, it has been my good fortune or otherwise to have had a glimpse of about every variety of soil and civilization on exhibition within the domains of our common Uncle. In conclusion, therefore, a little indulgence is required of the reader, for this account of "the last of the feast" may prove more lengthy than interesting. I will claim for the varied natural grandeur of the Columbia, and the awful wonders of the Colorado and that sort of scenery, that power which makes one think more of his God and less of himself than all the preaching of first-class pulpits; but the Hudson river, with its costly improvements on either shore in the way of villas, residences, rustic stairways, and grottos, to be witnessed like a panorama, for a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, is something to excite the pride of the mortal spirit; in short, make one more in conceit of human nature. The floating palaces that adorn that noble thoroughfare, are not the least of attractions. When I went up by the Hudson River Railroad, the latter part of March, the evergreens and the ice and snow on every hand constituted a picture not easily forgotten; and by the close of May, the trip down from Albany to New York appears almost tropical by contrast. A mere outline of all this must suffice. Soon after leaving the metropolis, the river is walled as it were for many miles by a palisade formation of picturesque rocks; the scene then changes into bluffs that take final shape in the Catskill mountains; after which, graceful highlands terminate in the table lands dotted with lakes and ridges that frame the water shed of the St. Lawrence on the north and Hudson south. Groves of pine and fir are the prevalent timber, but almost every other variety is found throughout. It seems that any one with a taste for the sort of thing in question, could not complete the round without first or last "doing" the Hudson. The genius of Washington Irving could not have helped producing the most delicious prose of all American authors with such surroundings; and the Knickerbocker Dutch can never feel too much in debt to the historian of Rip Van Winkle, his houses and household gods.

Saratoga Springs (the village) is one hundred and eighty-one miles almost due north of New York city—thirty-six north of Albany. The town has but one railroad connection south. It contains a resident population of about nine thousand, with hotel and boarding-house accommodations for about thirty thousand, so said. Historically, the place is worthy of special remark. It was around here where Gates and Burgoyne maneuvered and fought for several days, resulting in the surrender of the British commander, in 1777, and in which battle the lamented Benedict Arnold did wonders of personal daring or fool-hardiness, while under a cloud which ultimately lowered over his house forever. Not far from the place (Bemis' Heights), are to be seen the spring and lone pine tree where the Indian escort of the beautiful Jane McKean, quarreled and murdered her, causing the hair of her lover, who awaited her at Fort Edward, to turn white in one night. There is a printed account extant, to the effect that at the original village of Saratoga 30 families were massacred by French and Indians in 1747. Fenimore Cooper's good Indians roamed over

these rich fishing and hunting grounds, and made Rome howl at intervals, like all good Indians do—while alive. Saratoga is an Indian word and the only printed authority I can find on the subject, defines it as meaning "side hill." The mineral springs are strung along a little valley for several miles, the town of Ballston Springs locating the southern boundary. Altogether there are almost thirty different springs, and of sufficient variety to be of special interest, though to my notion they do not differ as one star from another in glory, nor nearly so much as the remarkable Geysers of California; moreover, Saratoga Springs are all cold. The two representative springs here are the Congress and Columbia—about fifty yards apart—the former cathartic, the latter tonic in their tendencies. The celebrated "Congress water" is mostly a natural solution of common salt, which translated into Saratoga English, means chloride of sodium. It is fashionable to drink it standing at the spring before breakfast, but it is conveniently bottled for bedroom use, as young men of late habits prefer repose up to the moment the bell rings. The iron waters are partaken of during the day between meals. There is a white sulphur spring of mild strength, and a "red spring" noted for its good effects on the skin. Skinning proper lasts about three months of the year, and is known as "the season." They take a stranger in then for all there is in sight, and more, too. The original scalping by the noble red man was a delicious shampoo in comparison. The health-producing properties of these waters are chiefly in a proper use as a beverage, though the signs are out for medical baths, etc. The first hotel for visitors here was erected in 1772—just one century ago. That log cabin would stand abashed in presence of the vast and airy fronts in vogue now. The springs were a resort by Indians and whites two hundred years ago, but no improvements were made to speak of until a comparatively late date. The old buildings are yet so intermixed as to give the town a shabby-genteel look, and the government of the village has evidently been more shabby from first to last. The local papers (as usual) are always talking about a "ring" of some kind. But on the whole the last ten years have developed much fine architecture in the way of permanent residences, and another decade will see here one of the handsomest inland towns on the continent. The springs are the overruling attraction—the only manufactory to speak of is one to make bottles to ship the water in. The town is mapped out in streets, circular and triangular in their directions, which takes off the monotony too general in town-making. They are ornamented with elms, maples, and other trees, and just now they are good to see. The soil of the town-site is sandy, and dust and mud are not a permanent nuisance at all, for the Green mountains just over the river in Vermont, and the Catskills west, break off the winds. The springs are mostly fixed up round and roofed in very invitingly. The waters in some are so plentiful as to boil up toward the top of their "tubes," the size of the mouth of a cistern, and the presence of a boy with tumblers, and a pole with a wire basket on the end to set them in, tells you that the season of "dipping" has commenced—the first of May usually. He "sets 'em up" with a flourish that would do honor to "Steve" at "Charley's" Congress Hall. "Between drinks," the boy lolls on the step or grass and reads a Dime novel. The boys make whatever wages the visitors may choose to give them. Morning and evening there is much running to and fro and packing and filling of buckets, bottles and jugs, by all classes. All up and down on either side of this little valley are handsome groves or parks of pine and fir, and the walks and drives between are refreshing indeed; the balsamic odors are a common feature of the country, which naturally has a dry cool climate; decidedly cool for about six months in the year. I saw the nobby turn-outs of sleighs in full blast up till the 10th of April, and the snow-storms kept the summer built hotels looking like a wedding with a shroud thrown over it. Congress Hall is the over-shadowing hotel of the place—a chunk of mountain with its three French towers, reminding me of the Three Tetons of the Wind River range. The Grand

Union Hotel is the most coquettish parasol-supported structure of the two, and is its opposite. A. T. Stewart bought it lately for about half a million (not half its cost) to save himself from the misfortunes of the Leland family, who have spread out "too thin" to last. The Grand Central is a new hotel on the eve of completion. These three structures are certainly immense every way—they are more dazzling within than daring without. There is still a hotel short—besides the burned district of the Central—the ugly gap on Broadway where the United States Hotel was, has no attraction but the yellow cottage of the Hon. John Morrissey and wife. They burn the town by sections to make business when "the season" is off. In the rear of Congress Hall is Morrissey's club-room—a suggestive sort of brick, said to be the finest carpeted and otherwise furnished house in America. The ponderous chested ex-M. C. is largely interested in Saratoga, and is to be seen lolling round while directing the building of a pool house and fixing up round the lot generally. He is a man of much good common sense, set off with enough of the Jim Fisk humor to make a very companionable sort of man. It is only when he takes off his hat to wipe the sweat from his honest brow, that you fully admire the hero of the P. R. His Roman nose went down beneath the knuckle of the Benicia Boy, since which the otherwise classic face, with its grisly beard and knotted brows, and curly black hair to match—stands forth like the well-battered head of an old buck ram. There is something so serio-comic for me in a case of this kind that I am apt to linger round it too long. In the more merry days of "Merrie England," the ministry and members of Parliament patronized the prize ring, and no less a poet than Moore immortalized it all in song. Morrissey in Congress, however, was a failure, I guess, for I never heard that he did anything like even making an ass of himself, hence a word more and I pass him over to oblivion. Both he and wife are liberal to the churches, and have the prayers thereof; and the muscular Christian and boss of the "tiger" never lets anyone go hungry from his door. The still harder-faced old Vanderbilt makes Saratoga his summer resort, with his young wife before the foot lights and a mistress besides, in the green-room. Fast horses, fast and fashionable women are abundant, of course, but generally Saratoga is of the more quiet but dressy Christian order. The diamonds are doubtless as "loud" in the season as report says. Its race tracks are superior, and Saratoga Lake, four miles east, is all the boatists could ask. The churches are large, the music better than the sermons, and the town-hall affords theatrical favors at intervals. There are medical institutions, with all sorts of baths and appliances to treat the lame and halt, the weary and what not, in season and out. This is destined to be the greatest watering place in America, if not in the world. Locally it is a sort of neutral ground where the Puritan from Plymouth Rock, the ordinary Christian or sinner from every land, and the "son-of-a-gun from Cow-bay," can meet and compare notes and be more tolerant therefor. It is a most convenient siesta (after-dinner nap) for the over-heated victim of that devil's dice-box—the Gold Room of Wall street—where skulls oftener go to the duce than throw sixes. The more desperate victims are advised to go to Florida, where there is the least business or excitement in the universe; where the magnificent Spaniard prospected for the fountain of perpetual youth and everlasting leisure.

To-day the big hotels open for "the season"—the only two words in the Saratoga dictionary. Besides moving month, May here is all devoted to painting, scouring and scrubbing; repairing, replanting, repaving and all the rest of it. Every year, May is the same here. All the men seem to be painters by profession, and I have no doubt the women practice it on the sly; the "Saratoga belle" is "buchi-ful as a butterfly," and much more numerous; and added to the coming menagerie of July and August, the corridors and promenades will be all the liveliest fancy can paint. It seems too much like crowding the thing for comfort—too theatrical; too much valuable time in waxing up the mustache and drawing of corsets. In

England, where it is no disgrace for the wealthy to own land and live on it, society has been styled a grand picnic party. In the United States, where the mania is to build big cities and private palaces "up town," the walking jewelry shops spend the warm dog days in a "Saratoga trunk," and call it recreation—rest! Then the swarm of flunkies, Cheap John clothiers, etc., shut the shop door, leaving the goods displayed in the windows frequently all winter, and rush back to the city like birds of passage, and patiently eke out an existence until "the season" calls them to glory again. W.

Efficacy of Prayer.

We learn from The Miner of June 8, the joyful news that rain in large quantities had showered down upon the good people of Prescott and vicinity, which will insure good crops to the farmers. Now we don't care how the power who controls the rains was induced to grant this boon to our friends in and about Prescott. Friend Marion says he prayed for it, and that soon after, sure enough, it came in torrents. This is not improbable, for we read in the good book that the prophet Elijah obtained rain, as shown by the following testimony:

And it came to pass at the seventh time, that he said, Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand. And he said, Go up, say unto Ahab, Prepare thy chariot, and get thee down, that the rain stop thee not.

And it came to pass in the mean while, that the heaven was black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain. And Ahab rode, and went to Jezreel.

And the hand of the Lord was on Elijah; and he girded up his loins, and ran before Ahab to the entrance of Jezreel.

We believe Marion did pray, and we hope through his direct supplication the rain came. If it is so, it will give joy to Arizonans in two ways, viz: The suspicion had almost grown to a fixed belief on the minds of Arizonans, that the voice of no Arizonan had ever reached the Most High, and that the soul of no one of our departed had ever gone past St. Peter (the Yuma story to the contrary notwithstanding) and seen the golden throne, or had been permitted to drink from the living waters. Now if friend Marion has been heard, may not more Arizonans hope (after long years of piety such as he has practiced) to be permitted to supplicate before the throne of Grace, and that if friend Marion gets an interview with St. Peter that he will set all things right with us and get us an equal show with Apaches, Africans, Victoria Woodhull, Geo. Francis Train, Vincent Colyer and all the rest of the good people? We would advise all to pray.

THE Centennial Commission met in Philadelphia, May 28. Committees were appointed to attend to the various details of the Commission. The Committee to prepare an address to the Legislatures of the several States and Territories is composed of the following gentlemen: Powell of Rhode Island, Wasson of Arizona, Sawyer of Utah, Albertson of North Carolina, and Martin of Kansas.

ABOUT two hundred and fifty prominent Democrats representing the States of Virginia, Texas, Indiana, Kentucky, Illinois, Arkansas and New York held a meeting recently in Washington and resolved that in the event of the indorsement of Greeley by the Baltimore Convention, they would take steps to call another Convention to nominate a Democratic ticket.

PRESIDENT GRANT, in accepting the nomination, says that he desires to see a speedy healing of all bitterness of feeling between sections, parties or races of citizens, and the time when the title, citizen, shall carry the same protection and privileges to all.

THE Democracy of Kansas have sent Greeley delegates to the Baltimore Convention.